

# UNITY.

FREEDOM + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

Vol. XI.

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No. 18

## UNITY.

Editorial Committee, 

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## NOTES.

J. H. Morse, in the *Critic* of November the 3rd, in an article on Matthew Arnold establishes a comparison between Lowell and Arnold in which is displayed a nice appreciation and subtle literary insight. He considers both "representative of the modern freedom of criticism."

Lord Coleridge, in addressing the students of Harverford College near Philadelphia, is reported as having said: "If I have any fault to find with America it is that you do not give Wordsworth quite the honor he deserves." Just criticism is helpful. Let this be the word to the wise, etc.

We are thankful for small favors. Joseph Cook has at last given a definition of Unitarianism which we can accept. It is true that he intended it as a definition of orthodoxy; but that only shows that Unitarianism is orthodox. Here it is: "My central thought is that orthodoxy is not worthy of the name unless it is an echo of God; not merely the truth, and nothing but the truth, but the whole of

the truth as apprehended by both the rational and the spiritual faculties."

A hundred and thirty dollars in prizes is offered for the best historical essays presented on the following topics by the graduates of the Boston and Worcester High Schools, for the years 1882-3:

1. The right and wrong of the policy of the United States towards the North American Indians.
2. What were the defects of the "Articles of Confederation" between the American States, and why was the "Constitution of the United States" substituted?

Similar prizes have been offered in St. Louis, and Portland, Oregon. The object is to encourage historical study, and the result seems to be very gratifying.

Some of J. W. Chadwick's friends have kindly furnished two hundred and fifty copies of his monthly sermon of the current winter for free Western distribution. They have been assigned to Unity Mission workers in several states, and through them we trust they will reach five times two hundred and fifty homes before they go where good sermons go at last. If homes in towns without any liberal preacher, so much the better. Let such homes address Miss F. L. Roberts, 135 Wabash Ave., and they can probably be supplied. A goodly missionary-service on the part of the Brooklyn friends.

An exchange says that a minister with a "fair measure of health and who *works in cheerfulness of spirit* will secure good support in these days." The italics are ours. Cheerfulness of spirit may, in most cases, be a matter of temperament, but in the ministry it seems to us a duty; not simply a graceful attachment to the profession but an indispensable element. If religion is of any use in the world it is to make men and women bold in the presence of danger, earnest amidst frivolous surroundings, and cheerful in the presence of sorrows and discouragements; and the minister of religion fails in his ministry if he does not contribute sunlight to the lives of those to whom he ministers.

The Western Sunday-School Society has long had a friendly agent at the East in G. H. Ellis, the publisher of the *Register*. Both *UNITY* and our

society owe him thanks for many favors. But now a still more natural arrangement has been made, and henceforth the publications of the Western Society will be found for sale at the office of the Eastern Sunday-School Society, 7 Tremont Place, Boston, where they are hospitably pigeon-holed not out of sight, but *into* sight, for all who may be interested. On the other hand all the fresh Eastern Society's publications can be seen at the Western Society's Office, 135 Wabash Ave., Chicago. "One soul in two bodies" will be the rule between them so far as bodies a thousand miles apart can keep the rule. "Unity Hymns and Chorals," etc., can also be found at the Boston end. And on the table of the A. U. A. in the next room at Tremont Place, can be found copies of *UNITY* and of our Western Series of Tracts called "Unity Mission," advertised on another page.

*Apropos* to Mr. Wendte's Harvest Homily in our last issue comes a most unique and striking address delivered at the Unitarian church in Lawrence, Kansas, at the Harvest Festival, the last Sunday in October, by the pastor, Rev. C. G. Howland, in which he tries to give some material measurement of the extent of the present most bountiful corn-harvest of Kansas, which on the lowest estimate of the Agricultural Bureau amounts to 200,000,000 bushels. If it were undertaken to transport this entire corn crop to New York, putting five hundred bushels in a car, it would take a freight train so long that when the engine was entering New York city, the caboose would be some seventy-five miles west of Santa Fé in New Mexico. This computation is followed with a graphic and appreciative recognition of the harvest of "humble but delicious vegetables" and the bountiful fruit, closing with the following suggestive reflections:

How rich the world is in precious things! What marvelous variety in our fields, our gardens, our orchards! What a sense of plenty and of splendid beauty they excite as we look upon them. The American citizen may well exult in his fortune. The table of a Kansas farmer to-day may be as luxurious as that of any king. The service at the king's board will be more gorgeous, it will be of porcelain and silver and gold, but the dishes will be neither more numerous nor more excellent. And yet, in the midst of this charming and glorious bounty, we sometimes complain of our lot and charge the benevolent Providence with parsimony and stinginess. I would that we all knew we are happy.

We have had so much to say against money-making festivals in churches, believing as we profoundly do that the good obtained by them, which is obvious, is more than offset by the harm done by them, which is not so obvious, that we are willing to have the other side stated by one who believes

in them. We have seldom seen it better stated than by W. H. Savage in his Parish sermon of Oct. 14, in which he recounts the successes of the Leominster parish, among which were two festivals which resulted in the final overthrow of the debt, which fact will explain and perhaps justify the following exultation:

If only money enough to pay the expenses had been realized, that "Easter Festival" would have been a grand success. It was a most fitting and Christian observance of the season of the resurrection. Humanity, friendship, and loving helpfulness came forth to newness of life; and all felt a sweet touch of the soul's springtime, a breath from those kindlier climes into which the suspicions and selfishness that here afflict our lives do not enter. Even the stormy March did smooth his fretful front, and smiled benignly on the tribes that made joyful pilgrimage to the shrine where the fathers worshiped God.

You know the result. *Ten thousand dollars' worth of kindness and friendship and helpfulness*, and seven hundred and seventy dollars and seventy cents in current funds.

But not every one knows how nobly the people at large responded to the appeals and suggestions of the committee in charge of the Festival. One man, whose head is a little gray, said to me after it was over, "Thank the young people; tell them they did nobly!" I am happy to act on the advice he gave, for I didn't see any but *young* people about. In the day of resurrection, all will be young, I presume. At any rate it was so in those days. The man to whom I have alluded was as young as any of the rest. In this, we may see the manifest divineness of kindness and helpfulness. They make all young again.

The "June Festival" was like its predecessor, only more so. Who will ever forget it? It was like a foretaste of that free and happy life we hope for beyond the resurrection gate. How fresh and youthful were all who shared in the work and the pleasure of that concluding scene of our financial emancipation!

The last week in Chicago has been an eventful one to the friends of progress and religion. First came an anniversary of the Chicago Froebel Kindergarten Association, well attended at one of the rooms in the Grand Pacific, at which an encouraging report was offered, and stirring addresses made by W. H. Hailman now of La Porte, Indiana, Colonel Parker of the Englewood Normal School, and others. Then came the visit of the eminent Orientalist, Mozoomdar, whose visit was limited to three days; but during that time he was able to meet many friends and to leave an impression of thoughtfulness, breadth and spirituality that will reach farther than his personality and, we are sure, do much to ameliorate the theological severity and sectarian isolation in many places. On Saturday evening, Nov. 10th, the Channing Club with a considerable number of invited guests tendered him a reception. Some sixty gentlemen were present, with Mr. B. P. Moulton in the chair. The meeting was one of absorbing interest. The address of Mr. Mozoomdar was one of characteristic power, and Dr. Thomas, Rev. Sumner Ellis, Rev. Robert West, editor of the *Advance*, and others, spoke in the same high key of fraternity and earnestness. On Sunday the 11th he addressed a large audience in the morning at the Church of the Messiah, and in the evening on

the invitation of Dr. Scudder he occupied the pulpit of Plymouth Church. Lastly, Chicago has tried to do ample justice to the memory of Luther. All the pulpits of the city have dedicated themselves to the memorial service of the great herald of freedom and the stalwart reformer.

## Contributed Articles.

### LOYALTY.

F. L. HOSMER.

When courage fails, and faith burns low,  
And men are timid grown,—  
Hold fast thy loyalty, and know  
That Truth still moveth on.

For unseen messengers she hath  
To work her will and ways,  
And even human scorn and wrath  
God turneth to her praise.

She can both meek and lordly be,  
In heavenly might secure;  
With her is pledge of victory,  
And patience to endure.

The race is not unto the swift,  
The battle to the strong,  
When dawn her judgment-days that sift  
The claims of right and wrong.

And more than thou canst do for Truth  
Can she on thee confer,  
If thou, O heart, but give thy youth  
And manhood unto her.

For she can make thee only bright,  
Thy self-love purge away,  
And lead thee in the path whose light  
Shines to the perfect day.

Who follow her, though men deride,  
In her strength shall be strong;  
Shall see their shame become their pride,  
And share her triumph-song!

### NOT ALL THERE.

W. C. GANNETT.

*The innocents, of whom the crows say, 'They are not all there.'*

Something short in the making,—  
Something lost on the way,  
As the little Soul was taking  
Its path to the break of Day!

Only his mood or passion,—  
But it twitched an atom back;  
And she, for her gods of fashion,  
Filched from the pilgrim's pack.

The Father did not mean it,  
The Mother did not know,  
No human eye had seen it:  
But the little Soul needed it so!

Through the street there passed a cripple,  
Maimed from before its birth;  
On the strange face gleamed a ripple  
Like a half-dawn on the earth.

It passed,—and it awed the city,  
As one not live nor dead;  
Eyes looked, and brimmed with pity,—  
"He is not all there," they said.

Not all! for part is behind it,  
Lying dropt on the way:  
And two, could they only find it,  
Would welcome the end of Day!

### RECOLLECTIONS OF UNITARIANISM IN CHICAGO.\*

S. S. GREELEY.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CHANNING CLUB: Your kind invitation to prepare for you a brief sketch of early Unitarianism in Chicago, set before me a pleasant, but somewhat difficult task. A half century is certainly not a very wide span to be covered by historical inquiry. But the general destruction of records, correspondence and private papers by the great fire of 1871, projects the history of this city almost into the region of myth and legend.

The rapid development of Chicago, and its marvelous rebuilding have so crowded the lives of its present citizens, that the events of 1840 appear as if seen through the perspective of three or four generations. You will pardon, therefore, some possible errors in dates, to the unaided memory of myself and of older witnesses whom I have consulted.

I first saw the light in Chicago on a bright October morning in 1853; it was my birthday, and I felt, though already well-stricken in years, that I was being born again in this new-found land of promise.

The first Sunday morning found me in a friendly pew in the little old First Unitarian Church on Washington street, listening to the deep, vibrating tones of the Rev. Rush R. Shippen, then in the fourth year of his pastorate. He had come hither in November, 1849, a lad of twenty-one, fresh from Meadville, with all the generous enthusiasm and hopeful courage of youth, to speak the freer word and preach the more cheery gospel, in this distant outpost of Liberal faith. The church had been started in 1836 by a few young men who were

\*This was the topic for consideration at the October meeting of the Channing Club, with M. B. Hull, Esq., in the chair. The opening paper was read by S. S. Greeley, Esq., of Unity Church, which in accordance with the vote of the Club we publish for the benefit of many interested in Chicago Unitarianism who were unable to hear the reading.—ED.

interested in liberal thought. Among the survivors are H. G. Loomis, Arthur G. Burley, Stephen F. Gale, Joseph Gray, N. Goold, J. N. Balastier, S. C. Clarke and Abram Clarke; and among those who have passed away were E. I. Tinkham, Wm. H. Larrabee, C. L. Harmon, Azel Peck and Wm. H. Clarke.

Mr. Peck, though probably less known now than many of his contemporaries, deserves kindly remembrance by his public benefactions. A mechanic, a modest citizen of simple ways of life, he had amassed what was esteemed a competence forty-one years ago, the bulk of which, consisting of real estate in the West Division, he bequeathed at his death, in 1849, subject to a life-interest for his widow, to the First Unitarian Church and the Mechanic's Institute, in equal shares.

These two institutions are now enjoying, I am told, an annual benefit of some \$2,000 cash from these legacies. This sum will be largely increased after a few years, when, under the terms of the will, the property can be sold.

It is worthy of note in this connection that of the very, *very* few public benefactors which this city has known, three—Peck, Burr and Bates—were Unitarians. To Jonathan Burr the city owes the Home for the Friendless and the Burr Mission; and to Eli Bates his noble bequests for the Industrial School, and the Lincoln Monument in Lincoln Park, and for the completion of the towers of Unity Church.

The infant church led a wandering life for some three or four years, now listening to the Rev. Mr. Huntoon in some school-house on the North side, anon fired to enthusiasm by a sermon from Dr. Fuller in the old Lake house, then seeming to plead for justice in the old-time court-rooms of the South side. Among the well-known preachers who came from time to time to fan the flickering flames to life by their eloquence were Dr. John Pierpont, Dr. Thompson, Rev. Crawford Nightingale, Dr. James Freeman Clarke, Rev. George Bartol.

In the fall of 1839, Rev. Joseph Harrington was sent here by the American Unitarian Association as missionary. After preaching a few months he returned to New England to solicit aid for the building of a church here, and raised \$2,500. Citizens of Chicago contributed \$2,000 more; the church was shortly built, and in October of 1840 he returned here as the settled pastor of the First Unitarian Society. After a successful pastorate of four years, Mr. Harrington resigned his charge, greatly to the regret of a people who had been at first attracted by his brilliant powers, and then bound to him by warm regard. He was followed by Rev. Henry Giles, Rev. Dr. Lord, Dr. Adam and others, and in 1849 by Mr. Shippen. During the first ten or twelve years, the music was furnished by a volunteer choir and orchestra, in which Edward Tinkham played the violin, A. H. Burley the flute, Charles Burley the 'cello; Wm. H. Larrabee and Henry Tucker sang bass and tenor. Miss Helen Griswold was the soprano, and afterwards married

the minister, as every well regulated soprano should do. Mr. Harrington was an enthusiastic musician, and a capable and somewhat severe drill-master. A surviving member of this amateur choir informs me that the music was as good as the preaching, and that both were of the best.

Chicago had in 1853 a population, according to the encyclopedia, of 60,652, and though doubling its population every four years, it had still the appearance of an overgrown village. Its houses were nearly all of wood, its sidewalks of plank, and its streets of mud, unfathomed in damp weather. The churches were not out of keeping with the general village look. The Second Presbyterians had, indeed, just reared what seemed in those days a costly and splendid pile. The material was, not inappropriately, the grey prairie stone strongly marked with pitch and brimstone, as if in solemn warning of impending doom for those hardened sinners who would not yield to the preaching of the large-hearted, genial Dr. Patterson. The gentle Dominie was quite content to leave the combustibles on the outer walls of his sanctuary, and rarely mixed them with his sermon ink.

Our church was a plain, squatly brown structure, with Grecian columns, apparently borrowed for thirty or sixty days from some piney Parthenon. It stood on the north side of Washington street, between Clark and Dearborn, on the site now covered by the United States Express Company's building and the Shreve building. If you want to find it more exactly, ask your surveyor to point out lot seven, block thirty-eight in the Original Town of Chicago.

On the opposite side of the street, and a little further west stood the Universalist Church, the counterpart in form and size to ours, a thought less grave and sedate, perhaps, as becomes the house of those who are undisturbed by anxieties for the future, and can afford to be light-hearted.

Mr. Shippen was the leader of a noble band. Those of you, if any, who sat with me to hear the music of his speech, and be warmed by the sunshine of his smile, will recall with reverence, among those who have passed away, the names of William R. Larrabee, Dr. Foster, E. K. Rogers, C. L. Harmon, Eli Bates, Artemas Carter, Gilbert Hubbard, Dr. McVicker, Judge Peck, William H. Clarke, Jonathan Burr, Colonel James, Henry Tucker, and J. D. Webster.

Among those who still remain in active manhood or a green old age, are B. F. Adams, Nathan Mears, Jerome Beecher, H. G. Loomis, John Brewer, Joseph H. Gray, the three Burleys, Arthur, Charles and Augustus, Dr. Charles Gilman Smith, Fred Fisher, Dr. E. L. Holmes, J. D. Sherman, Dr. Snowden, C. B. Hosmer, E. N. Willard, Samuel Shackson, Samuel C. Clarke. And these names recall to our memories the fair faces and gracious ways of almost as many charming women, who were quite as devoted to the interests of the church and to the welfare of the community as were their husbands.

Prominent among the ladies, the survivors of that time will recall the stately form and courteous manners of one, a widow, who, dying, left these graces to a worthy daughter. Our excellent brother Murry Nelson was then gnashing a fine set of teeth in the gloom of Orthodoxy; these blessed ladies, particularly the younger, could tell by what operation of divine grace he was snatched as a brand from the burning.

It was in 1854 that the great schism befel the Unitarian Church in Chicago. This peaceful and harmonious church was literally rent in twain "from turret to foundation stone." It was brought about by the carpenters, who separated the sundered halves and spliced in a piece, giving room for a couple of dozen new pews. It was a sign and an effect of healthy growth; and the church *continued* to grow, for in a couple of years or so she shot out a low unsightly wing on either side, so that, with the wooden dome, the whole affair had rather the aspect of a setting hen, with a swelled head and no tail feathers.

But this ecclesiastical hen, though not a comely fowl, gathered her chickens under her wings with full motherly warmth and tenderness. The church building of thirty years ago was by no means the house of many well furnished mansions, which the greater activity and luxury of to-day require.

It's a cold day for the church of 1883, of almost any denomination, when it is not provided with a Sunday-school room, a minister's study, church parlors, kitchen, pantries and all the accessories of the culinary art. A portable stage and dramatic apparatus are not wholly unknown among the church properties, even in the Orthodox communion.

The church of '54 had only its auditorium, which was heated by large stoves, and ventilated by the grace of God, and poor joiner's work. It hadn't even a coal bin inside its walls.

It was adapted only to more formal gatherings, and could not be the home and center of the social life of its congregation. The sewing circles, sabbath and informal meetings were held in private houses, and the dwellings of Chicago of that day were still rural in size and appointments.

But each knew all; hospitality, if simple, was sincere; the young were cared for and the old were cheered. The winter months were enlivened by many pleasant social gatherings at hospitable firesides. The modern club was not yet, and the inventor of "papers" was still unborn. But we somehow contrived to be happy without them.

The church continued to increase in numbers and influence and its membership was scattered over the three divisions of the city, so that early in the year 1857 the question was seriously discussed of forming new churches in the North and West divisions. At a meeting of the society held on April 27, 1857, it was voted that one quarter of the lot on Washington street should be given to a new church to be founded in the North Division and one quarter to a new church to be founded in the West Division,

and Messrs. E. K. Rogers for the North side, Artemas Carter for the West side, and Josiah L. James and Jerome Beecher for the First church, were appointed a committee to arrange the details of the division. The plan was partly carried out, and June 25th, A.D. 1858, one quarter of the lot was conveyed to Unity church, which had been organized Dec. 23, 1857.

The First church reserved the right to occupy the lot as long as it should be needed for purposes of worship, but on the 22nd of May, 1863 the old house took fire very opportunely, and was damaged past repair, so that the actual delivery of the property was effected. I have never heard that the origin of that fire was actually traced to any member of Unity church. It may be that some of them bore the incendiary torch, but you can't prove it by me.

Perhaps it was Jerome Beecher, or was it Nathan Mears or some other mad wag of the period, who on being congratulated on the salvage of the pulpit, answered: "Yes, and they might have saved the organ too, only the confounded firemen couldn't play on it."

No Unitarian church was organized on the West side for several years, and meanwhile the remaining three-fourths of the old lot were sold, and the proceeds invested in the Church of the Messiah, which was built on Wabash avenue near Peck Court.

On account of this unfortunate, but unavoidable delay in organizing, the Third church failed to receive the quarter of the old church lot which had been voted to the West side. Something, no doubt, has been done by the sister churches, and by the American Unitarian Association to make good this loss; but it is hardly likely that the statute of limitations would be set up by the Third church in bar to the payment of the remainder, should the other churches insist upon making it good.

No notice of the early church in Chicago would be complete in which Mr. Shippen had not a prominent place.

Rush R. Shippen came of the old stock of that name in Pennsylvania. Miss Peggy Shippen, who became the wife of General Arnold, was of this family.

She is described as "young, extremely beautiful and graceful, and with a magnetism of power and manner which drew to her in love and admiration every one who came within her influence."

The young minister shared in the physical and mental gifts of his early and unhappy kinswoman. He was of tall and powerful form, a commanding presence, with an expression of great gentleness and benignity, and a voice, powerful, but of peculiarly agreeable quality. His musical gifts, his general intelligence, and his genial manners made him welcome in all companies. But I need not draw his portrait, when we have his living counterpart among us in the person of his younger brother.

Mr. Shippen was a clear thinker and a vigorous writer, who gave to all his utterances the force of personal conviction. Not greatly eloquent, nor

strikingly original, he rarely failed in the pulpit to interest his audience, because his words were fitting and well-chosen, and always from the heart. He had two of the best, though negative qualities of George Washington: he could not tell, nor act, a lie, and he never slouched over.

I remember that in 1854 he addressed the annual meeting of the Bible Society in the Second Presbyterian Church, by invitation of its pastor, Rev. Robert Patterson. It was a recognition of manly worth, and sincere work for righteousness, as unusual for that day as it was deserved.

Mr. Shippen resigned his charge here in July, 1857, and, after a pastorate of some years in Worcester, Massachusetts, was appointed Secretary of the American Unitarian Association—an office which he filled for many years, and resigned to take the church at Washington. Mr. Shippen was followed by Rev. George Noyes, a *lawyer* rather than a minister, but whose excellent qualities drew around him troops of friends. Then came the brief ministry of Rev. Mr. Thomas, and a temporary supply by Rev. Mr. Hadley, the then minister at large; and after him the burning of the old church and the building of the new, with Rev. Laird Collier as its first minister.

One of the early and enthusiastic pioneers in the First church once remarked, when the subscriptions for some parish work or other didn't come in fast enough to suit him, with a depth of feeling that quite outran his grammar, "The Unitarians, bless 'em, hain't got no zeal."

But they had zeal enough, nevertheless, to organize, in about 1856, the ministry at large, which was perhaps the earliest effort at practical outside charity, put forth by any church in this city. It has long since passed away, and the work it began is carried on by stronger hands. But it did its perfect work, when in 1858 it transplanted Robert Collyer from Philadelphia to Chicago, and made him minister at large. His function was partly to supply the pressing physical needs of those who came to him, but still more to give comfort and good cheer and to help them to their feet, offering religious instruction only in such small doses as empty stomachs and bare backs could assimilate.

After a year or more of successful work he became the first minister of Unity Church.

The line between ancient and modern ecclesiastical history must be drawn somewhere, and the lapse of my fifteen minutes warns me that it must be drawn at the coming of the two Collyers.

#### DARWINISM IN MORALS\*.

These essays are well worthy of preservation in the beautiful form in which Mr. Ellis has given them to us. They are reprinted from the several English Magazines and Reviews in which they originally appeared at dates varying between 1865 and

1872. There are fourteen articles, all reviews of noteworthy books, but reviews of a kind that add to the subject and in some instances are much better than the book discussed. Miss Cobbe is not only one of the greatest of living women, but her voice is the clearest and strongest at the present time of the intuitive school of ethics. With perfect courage she faces the increasing hosts of the ablest men of the world who are claiming that the doctrine of evolution will lead us to a scientific basis of morals, and tells them that they are all wrong and will surely be converted if they love truth and will sincerely seek it. This spirit is especially manifest in an essay in the *Contemporary Review* of last June on Agnostic morality, which would doubtless have appeared in the present volume if it had reached our shores a little earlier. In a note to this article she says: "When Mr. Darwin did me the honor to send me the advance sheets of his 'Descent of Man,' in which he first clearly broached this theory [that conscience is analogous to animal instinct and is built up through heredity and natural selection], I wrote to him that in my humble judgment the doctrine if ever generally accepted would sound the knell of the virtue of mankind. Mr. Darwin smiled in his usual kind way at my fanaticism, as he doubtless deemed it; but so far am I from retracting that judgment that I am more than ever convinced, after ten years of observation, that this doctrine is a deadly one, paralyzing moral activity, and in the long run bringing on the spiritual death of Atheism."

This may be taken as an indication that the essay that gives the name to the present volume is not out of date so far as its author can judge. It was written at the time of which she speaks, being the review of the "Descent of Man" written from those advance sheets. She accepts cheerfully the general theory of evolution till it comes to the explanation of the moral sense or conscience, but here she calls a halt and proclaims her "Thus far, but no farther." Into the merits of the controversy we cannot enter, but no one who wishes to read up the modern discussion of this subject—the most profound discussion that the ages have brought forth of the subject most important to human welfare—can find anywhere a better beginning than with this book.

Besides the first essay there are two others that bear upon the same theme—Hereditary Piety, a review of Mr. Galton's *Hereditary Genius*, and *The Evolution of Morals and Religion*, which is in reality a supplement to the first essay. But we must not forget the other chapters. The one entitled "An English Broad-Churchman" is a very interesting estimate of the great preacher F. W. Robertson. There are two essays upon Unconscious Cerebration that we commend to our friends who are still puzzled over "animal magnetism" and kindred subjects, as well as to those who secretly fear that the physiologist may some day demonstrate that we have no souls. Four essays upon ancient religions, one upon auricular confession in the English church, one upon *The Devil*, one upon

\**Darwinism in Morals, and Other Essays*, by Frances Power Cobbe. Geo. H. Ellis. Boston. \$2.00.

the French Theist, Félix Pécaut, and one upon the Religion of Childhood, complete the list. We hope the book may be widely read.

## Our Unity Pulpit.

### THE MOURNING GARB.\*

JULIA HOLMES SMITH, M.D.

Nature is musical, and the human ear directed by each individual soul according to capacity makes of that music just what can be comprehended. The organ of Corti, marvellous harpsichord with myriad strings, is capable of discerning equally the dissonances of savage music or the mysteries of Wagner. The spiritual ear is not less complex than that which perishes with the body. To the savage, the sighing of the wind suggests only atmospheric conditions; the poet hears whispers of love, the wooing of fairies, the moans of lost spirits. In the darkness the untutored mind finds but the time to sleep; the astronomer catches the strains of the wailing planet music, and sees here his opportunity for learning the mysteries of "worlds of light he never saw by day." Light and darkness, heat and cold, sunshine and shadow, springtime and harvest, life and death, follow each other in regular succession, each doing its part in the rhythm of the universe. At the close of the year we find the hours have been fairly divided, and that day and night, joy and sorrow have shared equally the throne of the seasons. The grand hymn of the universe is an antiphonal of sorrow and of joy, of life and of death, and each human soul must do its part in the service, now on one side of the altar, now on the other. To-day the grand major strain of Hallelujah, to-morrow the pitiful minor of despair.

Joy, Sorrow, Life, Death, "who knoweth which is best?" Far beyond human ken is the answer, for the wisest knows not what death means. What we call death of a lower form invariably precedes the development of higher orders, and the changes on the face of the globe caused by the destructive agencies of nature have been the means of making its surface better fitted for man—the highest order of creation of which our senses are cognizant. Inorganic nature makes no moan as her seas are upheaved, forests submerged, continents destroyed, but man in common with many of the brute creation has instinctive affection for his offspring which leads to tenderest care during life, and also being bereaved of his young he mourns for a season, this mourning being proportioned to the degree of intelligence in the animal as well in its intensity as in duration and power of expression. In none of the lower orders, however, is found the retroactive love which cherishes the parent or the sweet tenderness which binds friend to friend. Hence in man, if a

greater capacity to sorrow, is the richest share of joy.

The expression of this grief in bereavement is found to be characteristic as well of nations as of individuals; and given the funeral customs of any people one might almost predicate the degree of advancement in civilization, and to a degree the creed. Among primitive peoples the ceremonial expressions of grief are simple exaggerations of the natural emotions—a carelessness to usual comfort, a distracting agony, fasting, wringing the hands, tearing the hair, beating the breast, etc. Hawaiians gash the body and cut off an ear or knock out a front tooth as a proper toilet for grief, and when a king dies the nation pretends madness, and all manner of crime is committed as a ceremonial expression of the sorrow which is supposed to have driven them frantic, but such wild grief is short lived; "Long live the King" is cried on the morrow and the madness of joy supervenes. The New Zealanders daub themselves with red paint, but wear this ghastly mourning decoration only a short time. Dahomey mourns longer and keeps up the friendly intercourse with the departed, killing a slave now and again that the soul may tell news of those left behind. The Karens regard everything pertaining to death with horror; clothes, books, furniture, every article which the diseased has used is committed to the flames; to touch any article belonging to the dead would be as fatal as the poisoned tunic of Nessus not only to the body but the soul. These burn their dead, and hired women mourn awhile; when their howling ceases there is an end of all signs of grief. The Ethiopians expect the dead to return to the earth, and for a short period wear brown, the color of the good mother who has received once more her own to her bosom: fitting show of sorrow, since from the earth the dead come no more. These have no hope in a future life. Some sort of disfigurement seems essential to the Oriental idea of mourning; they disfigure the face, allowing hair and nails and beard to grow, casting ashes on their heads and wearing sack-cloth. From the South Sea islands comes a hint of possible consolation in bereavement, for their mourning dress is black and white, expressing both sorrow and hope.

Without a state religion there yet seems to be among all the Chinese a certain looking forward to a better life, and this common hope, arising as it does from different motives and different religious creeds, is illustrated in their dress after the death of a friend. They express mourning by sewing white stripes on ordinary garments, wearing white shoes and painting a white stripe on the door post of the dwelling. These symbols are marks of, shall we say woe? Nay, rather hope, for to the followers of Buddha there is far in the future the blessed Nirvana, when, the material part having been purged away and various transmigrations endured, the soul is at last absorbed in the bosom of the Deity. All rejoice that the loved one is gone to be among the

gods, with whom he is remembered in their worship. The Chinese followers of Confucius live practical lives, and avoiding all thought of the future, endure bereavement stoically, wearing the white stripe as a matter of form. 'Tis a custom with this people to make preparation for death as we do for the disposal of property, for the dead becomes as gods to be worshiped and so 'tis gain to die. A coffin is considered quite a proper gift from a son to a father, and it is told that a traveler attending a funeral at Pekin found the coffin covered with an elegantly embroidered silk sheet, wrought and presented to the deceased years before by his devoted wife. How many of us would enjoy such a testimonial? The mourning of white stripes is worn only a few months. The fashions in Japan are similar to those of China. Persia mourns in pale brown, the color of withered leaves; while sky blue, which whispers of hope that the deceased has gone into heaven, is the mourning color for Syria, Cappadocia, Armenia and Turkey. The Mohammedans are forbidden to wear mourning at all, or to wail at the grave, for "are not the good rewarded after death, and doth it not behoove the true believer to say, even in the presence of bereavement, 'Allah, il allah, God is good!'" Black and brown were the colors chosen by the Greeks and Romans, but were worn only ten months. Egyptians and Burmese use yellow, signifying exaltation, since these, as indeed nearly all nations, enjoy the sweet hope of a life beyond the grave. The Norsemen and the Gauls in their mythologies, the Druids in their weird rites, the South Americans who build gorgeous temples to the sun, from whom and in whom and to whom are all things, the Red men of America, who are glad to join the departed chiefs in the "Great Hunting Ground," each and all tell of the sweet hope of immortality, of a life better, purer, fuller, than any conceived of here, each in a measure rejoices with the dead who are blessed. It remained for the Jews and the Christians to choose black as their mourning garb, which tells only of the privation of light and joy, the midnight gloom of sorrow for the loss sustained.

"The series of effects which we call color, are certainly Nature's chief glory: the exquisite shading of the sunset, the many-hued rainbow, the gorgeous flowers are all suggested by the word color, and all tell of happiness. What wonder, then, that bright colors are associated with joy, and how opposite the effect of darkness." Color is not merely covered up by night, but for the time actually destroyed, withdrawn. Under the deep shadow of night, there is no such thing as greenness of grass or golden hue of grain, or blue and scarlet of flowers. If sunshine falls on black cloth the chief part of the vibrations of ether are absorbed, hence the significance of black as a mourning garb. The rose light of love, the blue of hope, the purple of victory, are all swallowed up in the night of our despair.

In the first terrible throes of the bereaved heart, grief sees

"No God, no Heaven, in the void world.  
The wide, grey, lampless, dark, unpeopled world."

The sorrow-stricken heart cannot forbid the stars to shine nor the flowers to bud in spring, nor the glorious rainbow to span the sky, but it can, and oftentimes does forbid any mental response to these glories. Myriad dewdrops may glisten on the sward, but to the sorrowing they are all tears. The mourner is at first so clothed upon by this shadow of the great grief that the mere thought of toilet formalities is an intrusion, and is necessarily suggested by some friend whose sense of the fitness of things has not been overpowered by sorrow. To high and low, rich and poor alike, comes the imperative mandate of fashion, a demand I have shown as universal as the hymn of death is perpetual, its memorial ubiquitous; and while I admit that sentiment is the great conservative principle of society, and because, of all sentiments, that relating to our dead is the highest and holiest, so with all my soul I protest against the decking of that sentiment in funereal habiliments of black, and compelling the mourner to express her sorrow, so to speak, by the yard.

The sweet thoughts of love are sacred. Not in the glare of the crowded street, but in the shady grove, in the soft twilight, in some by-way of social life the fond lover whispers of his hopes, and the maiden, jealous of the very air, hides her blushes as she responds to his "I love you, Sweet." Do they straightway blazon the story and weight for the world's appreciation the affection each has given to the other! Verily, no. Your heart and mine has its holy of holies, into whose sacred precincts only the one love anointed high-priest has entered to feed the sacred fire. Our love is all our own. Cannot grief be so? 'Tis an impertinence to ask, Do you love your child, your husband, your parent? Yet let either die, and fashion demands an accurate measurement of grief by means of crepe on garments.

My objections to the wearing of mourning garb, of what color soever, are:

1st. The reflex influence on the wearer is bad, if the sorrow it expresses is real.

2nd. It is undesirable to surround children and invalids with the symbols of grief.

3rd. The expense is often greater than is consistent with the circumstances of the mourner.

4th. In many instances the crape expresses a sham sentiment or is merely a concession to fashion.

5th 'Tis like a reburial, when the mourning is taken off.

1st. The influence of mind over body is an important factor in estimating the evil influence of the mourning garb on the health and conduct. Instances will readily occur to our minds of feats of strength achieved under the influence of excitement. Carpenter relates an incident of an old cook, tottering with age; having heard an alarm of fire, she seized a box containing her property and ran down stairs with it as easily as she would have carried a platter. After the fire had been extinguished she could not lift the box a hair's breadth from the

floor. Here we see the result of sudden emotion, the body for the nonce responding to the will, which in its turn is wrought upon by the sense of fear. Short-lived power, you will say. True, but a visit to any of our lunatic asylums will show that this same emotional influence does become so persistent and potent as to wreck not only reason but bodily health. Ferrier's experiments suggest that in certain regions of the brain cells exist in which do reside the different emotions. Here fear, here hate enthroned; there love, there resignation; and whether one considers the brain as the organ of the conscious mind or as all of mind, there is the same truth holds good. If the cells are unhealthy the mental processes will be imperfect; and the health of each part of the body, be it bone, muscle or brain, depends upon the supply of blood.

The capacity of the arterial and venous system of each body is fixed; there can be no more blood created than there are vessels to hold it, else would death result from over-distention in some part. Therefore an excessive demand upon the life current by one organ is invariably at the expense of some other. One does not find the left arm of a blacksmith as well developed as the right, and the legs of a ballet dancer are grown at the expense of the upper part of the body. Again, the abnormal development of the whole body in the training of the professional athlete is notably at cost of intellectual force, and excessive mental culture on the other hand is sure to rob muscular and nervous systems of some of their force. Apply this reasoning to different organs of the brain. If the attention is exclusively fixed for too long a period upon any one emotion, be it love or grief, the general health suffers. It is noticeable that girls who are married after a long engagement have lost weight and color; the blood which should have been distributed equally through the whole organism has been directed to one special part. The same is true of grief. Hence it behooves those of us whom sorrow has crowned to beware lest her symbols so intensify our grief that we are unfitted for the duties of life. The wearing of the mourning garb has the effect of keeping the attention fixed upon the bereavement and so delaying the healthy reaction which is essential to the performance of life's duties. Common experience proves the truth of this statement, for once clothe our friend in sorrow's garb, and there is a constant appeal made to "rise above it," "do something to distract your mind," "come out of yourself," do try to be interested in life, etc., etc. All the while the very garments are singing a dirge of joy day by day, and keeping the "heart bowed down."

2nd. The influence of black is depressing to those about us, especially invalids and children. A boy of thirteen saw his mother for the first time in his life wearing a bright colored dress; the young face glowed, the eyes deepened as he exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, why didn't you tell me you were young?" The mother whose loyalty to the dead had led her

to shroud herself in gloom had thus unwittingly robbed her only son of the child's right to joyous surroundings. Children have a right to all that is joyous and healthful, they need happiness as a plant does sunshine, and the conventional mourning dress casts a shadow upon the young life just in proportion to the sensitiveness of the organization. Physicians realize the influence of surroundings upon an invalid, and many a grave case has been cured by a simple change of environment. Trained nurses are ordered to wear a colored uniform, and sisters of charity whose holy zeal for the sick and suffering has won through centuries the gratitude of humanity have many a time caused keen suffering by their uncanny dress. The dead are passed from the realm of our sentient life, to them can come through us no more of joy or sorrow, and the sharpest pang in bereavement is the inevitable remorse, "Ah, if I had only lightened the cares of life, if I had only gladdened the days; alas, if—if—if"—who of us has not made that moan. Why not then take a hint in this direction and avoid the unnecessary shadow black casts over a household. Death seldom makes us utterly desolate; let us cherish what the cruel Reaper spares. These we may still cherish and serve, our dead are forever with the Lord.

3rd. Custom makes cowards of us all, and the paraphernalia of woe is many times a tax the scantily filled purse can illy bear. Allow me one reminiscence. A clerk who had lived to the fullest extent of his salary, suddenly died, and sympathizing friends in the business house of which he was a member, made up from their small means a purse of one hundred dollars which was presented to the widow soon to be a mother. Did she put the money by for a time of need? Verily, no. The properties must be observed. Bombazine and crèpe, widow's caps to disfigure the young face, black bonnet and veil soon made a vast inroad in the tiny store, and the baby boy came into the world branded pauper by the very conditions of his birth—doctor's service a charity, attendance rendered by neighbors. Why should she be so weak, you ask? It might have been you or I, for would either of us have the courage to withstand public opinion? Abroad a royal family dictates the amount of mourning to be worn for each member of a household; in America, where each claims to be a law to himself, let us defy imported customs, not try to express the depth of our sorrow by the depth of our crèpe.

4th. Much of the mourning is worn in deference to public sentiment, and just so far as no real grief is expressed it is a pitiful sham. Witness the following:

Miss Gushington (to young widow whose husband has left a large fortune): "That is the fourteenth mourning costume I have seen you wear in three days, and each lovelier and more becoming than the other."

Young widow: "Oh! my dear; I have forty—but such a bother as they were to have made! At

one time I almost wished that poor, dear George hadn't died!"

An exaggeration? Not at all. Go to the theatre any evening, and you will find at least a dozen shrouded women whose merry smiles belie their crape. Walk Broadway after nightfall and see the brazen faces shrouded in widow's weeds who are lurking to make prey of your son or mine. The black gown does not always—alas! one may say it does not even generally—cover an aching heart. Some one has well said the "first step toward a tailor is a step from the shadow of grief."

Thackeray has immortalized the crocodile tears of Lady Kew, and who can forget Mr. Mould's philosophy of a funeral. Apropos of the expense of Martin Chuzzlewit's funeral, he says; "Mrs. Gamp, I'll tell you why it is; it's because laying out of money when the thing is performed in the very best scale binds the broken heart and sheds balm upon the broken spirit. Hearts need binding and spirits want balming when people die. Look at this gentleman to-day." "An open-handed gentleman?" cried Mrs. Gamp. "No, no," said the undertaker; "not an open-handed gentleman in general, by any means,—there you mistake him; but an afflicted gentleman, an affected gentleman who knows what it is in the power of money to do. It can give him," said Mr. Mould, waving his watch chain slowly round and round, so that he described one circle after every item,—"It can give him four horses to each vehicle, it can give him velvet trappings, it can give him drivers in cloth coats and top boots, it can give him the plumage of the ostrich dyed black, it can give him any number of walking attendants, dressed in the first style of funeral fashion. \* \* \*

"How much consolation have I diffused among my fellow-creatures by means of my four long-tailed prancers." Ah, friends, let us dismiss our Mr. Moulds, let us serve our very dead as Joe Gargery yearned to serve Mrs. Joe, "which I meantersay, Pip," Joe Gargery whispered, as we were being formed in the parlor, two and two, and it was dreadfully like a grim kind of dance—"which I meantersay, sir, as I would in preference have carried her to the church myself along with three or four others, friendly ones what come to it with willing hearts and arms, but it wur considered what the neighbors would look down on such, and would be of opinion as it wur wanting in respect."

I would fain have all the appointments of a funeral as simple and quiet as possible, sympathizing with Charles Dickens who in his last will said, "I emphatically direct that I be buried in an inexpensive, unostentatious, strictly private manner, that no public announcement be made of the time and place of my funeral, that not more than three plain mourning coaches be employed, and that those who attend my funeral wear no scarf, cloak, black bow, long hat-band or other revolting absurdity."

5th. The same fashion which ordains the wear-

ing of mourning fixes the period when it must be laid aside, and one stands for a second time beside the open grave, and realizes anew the anguish of bereavement. Who among you has ever put aside the black gown without a kiss to the irresponsive thing, and a tear for the loved one whose very memory now, so far as outward show goes, must be put out of sight! A new requiem is sung—again is the dead buried out of your sight, and the burial is celebrated in violet silk and pansies for remembrance.

Permit me a few words here concerning the disposal of the dead. Custom has varied in exact ratio with the increase of population and civilization. Among primitive peoples the body was taken to a distance from the homes to be exposed to the elements and to be the prey of wild beasts. Later, when sentimental and religious associations began to influence men, a sort of platform was raised and the body laid on that. Later, the dead were put into caves, or holes in the rock, and hermetically sealed, as witness the burial of Sara in the cave of Macphelah. To-day we bury in coffins underground or in vaults. A Mr. Seymour, believing that decomposition would be hastened, and the well-known antiseptic qualities of fresh earth should have better play, has proposed the burial of the dead in wicker-basket coffins with wide meshes, so that the soil can come in immediate contact with the body. In Ziemssen's Cyclopedie, the plan is heartily endorsed, but has, of course, sentimental opposition. "The dead lie easier in coffins well padded and lined." [The Egyptians embalmed their dead, and cargoes of mummies are brought here to-day, their wrappings to be used for paper rags, the bodies ground to powder to enrich our soil. Modern undertakers aspire to embalming. Could we look forward a hundred years would we choose such fate for our dead.] The Greeks, Romans, many ancient tribes of Europe and Asia burned their dead, and the subject of cremation is much discussed to-day. Epidemic and sporadic cases of disease directly traceable to effluvia from cemeteries, the crowded condition of graveyards, the increasing difficulty of finding room for our dead in our gigantic cities, have made the question of a final disposition of the body a matter of grave sanitary importance. With modern scientific appliances, a human body can be reduced to a handful of white ashes in a very short time and at very little expense. What method so sensible? It has been suggested that there could be a furnace near a church where funeral services could be held, near the altar a slide to open into a wall which would represent the grave, and the ashes after cremation could be preserved in an urn. Sanitary and economic reasons are unanswerable. Let the women of the A. A. W. consider this subject well. One shrinks from the prevalent custom of bestowing our dead in the earth where, shrouded in dampness and darkness, a prey to the ghoulish worm, the forms we have tenderly cherished become potent factors in rendering the air unhealthy. Why not employ the purer

fashion, and allow the swift impalpable heat to resolve them into elements. A word to the wise is sufficient.

If sentiment is conservative, women certainly illustrate its power. Men make no change in dress when in affliction, but with the heartache well hidden go on with life's duties. Women are expected among all people to do the wailing, the mourning. They are, theoretically, sufficiently at leisure to indulge grief, and one of the strongest arguments in favor of a mourning garb is, "When one is in black nothing is expected; the dress protects from many social demands." Let us scorn the sham sentiment. Disinclination is sufficient protection, and one has an entire right to do what does not hurt one's neighbor. And surely all grief which hinders the doing of life's duty, is a dishonor to our dead, and a defrauding of the living. In this nineteenth century we have yet to learn to view death aright.

To scientist and Christian alike there should be much more of joy than of sorrow in contemplating the death of a friend. When the eye is closed in the last dreamless sleep the scientist should rejoice that "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well," that there is surcease of pain; and true love should be unselfish and rejoice with the dead.

That death has terrors to the Christian shows that Christianity in its genuine spirituality has not even dawned upon most minds. The Christian, if consistent, should rejoice and the spiritual ear should hear a rhythm of celestial melody which sings:

"What though Death may toll  
His scornful prophecy of nevermore,  
A still small voice is near unto my soul  
Assuring me of life for evermore."

Oh, friends, 'tis not from ignorance of the power of grief I so speak. From an experience of depths of sorrow, which please God you may all be spared, I urge a radical change in all ceremonial pertaining to Death. Let us learn to look at it merely as one step in life's journey, and praying God for courage to endure go on bravely doing His will.

"And friends, dear friends, when it shall be  
That this low breath is gone from me,  
And round my bier ye come to weep,  
Let one, most loving of you all,  
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall—  
He giveth His beloved sleep.'"

## Correspondence.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF A DAY AT CONCORD.

There were seven of us, all women, though not all Westerners. The day was bright and cool as we boarded the Boston and Lowell train *en route* to Bedford, where we left the cars, took carriages and drove ourselves the four miles to Concord. This is the very pleasantest way of entering the famous old town.

What a delicious ride it was, in the cool of the early morning! Through the heavy woods, under graceful elms that

often folded themselves above us, past shining fields and miniature crops of corn which made some of us laugh as we recalled the vast acreage of farm-lands west. We told our Eastern sisters that this was "baby farming" sure enough.

As we neared Concord we turned on to the old Lexington road, and followed this straight to the Battle Ground. There to the right, quite on the road-side, stands "Wayside," the many-gabled though not the famed "Seven gabled" home of Hawthorne. A little further we espied among the trees the veritable "Old Orchard Place" of the Alcotts, and the School of Philosophy building up on the hill behind. Then we got out and entered the grounds. The homestead is weather-beaten but picturesque, as are the two grand old elms in front of the door, across which swings a hammock; the old, vine-grown arbor down by the gate; and then the waving grass and apple trees on the slope behind the house, with the paths leading to the woods beyond, every foot of which ground Alcott says he has touched.

We sketched the School of Philosophy, over which nature is graciously throwing vines to cover its severe plainness. We looked through the windows into the scantily furnished little room with its few tables and chairs, busts of Alcott, Thoreau and John Brown, fine engravings of Raphael's School of Athens and Michael Angelo's Tombs of the Medici. We ate our lunch in the arbor, chatting meanwhile about Jo, Meg, Laurie and the rest, and then drove across to Emerson's home.

The plain white house looked more pretentious than we expected, but the pines were all there, and the roses and the hollyhocks that the good man planted and loved. But the spirit that hallowed them was gone.

We were now in the center of the town. There stood the old First church—at least some of the timbers are of the old church where Emerson's grandfather, the "patriot preacher," and Ripley preached, and where Hancock and Adams stirred the populace. Near there is the "Old Hill Burying Ground," and among these ancient graves is one which dates back to 1665.

The patriot Emerson lies here under a stone canopy. We smiled as we read on one stone: "This shaft was raised as emblematic of the purity of the deceased," for it is now very badly discolored.

Down Main street, still the Lexington road, under a broad colonade of trees, we passed the modest homes of Concord's citizens where "high thinking and low living" were suggested at every step. The Hoar homestead stands at the right side of the street, and Thoreau's next to the present home of the Alcotts, at the left. Then we were joined by Mr. Geo. Bartlett, a man who has lived all his life in Concord, publishes the best Guide Book of the town, and may be known to some of our readers as the gentleman who a few years ago gave some delightful tableaux and pantomime entertainments in Chicago. He is a real character, and knows Concord by heart. In a brisk, entertaining way he talks facts and dates, and gives pleasant reminiscences of the Ripleys, Emersons, Alcotts and others, all of whom he knew. He rides in a small, much-used phaeton, and carries a very funny red-cotton umbrella. We took turns occupying the seat by him, and were very merry as we followed the red umbrella down the road. He took us to the "Old Manse," but the halo of romance which

Hawthorne has thrown about it faded before the reality. The avenue of ash trees is gone, and the road seems to have encroached upon the grounds so that the idea of far-away dimness is lost. A short drive under the trees brought us to the Battle Ground. We stood before the granite shaft Emerson had helped to dedicate, and thought of that day when the British musketry was heard, and the farmers' rifles flashed over this peaceful scene. Nothing but the graves of the two English soldiers were there to suggest a battlefield. Across the North Bridge is the "Minute Man," that fine, alert figure in bronze by French, and on which is inscribed the ever-memorable Emerson lines:

"Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world."

"Sleepy Hollow Cemetery" is a wild, wooded spot. Among the hills and levels of these green deeps we found the graves of Hawthorne, Thoreau, the Alcott family, and further down the path, the resting-place of Emerson.

What a great heart-throb it gives to stand above this sacred dust and look up to the giant pines standing like sentinels at the head and foot of his grave!

Concord's citizens are very proud of their library. Its exterior looks more like the residence of a prosperous merchant than the great intellectual center of the scholar's town. The interior is cosy and delightful. The reading room is light and airy; the well-filled alcoves of 19,000 volumes, many of them very rare, are surmounted by busts of the ever-present Emerson, Thoreau, Platt and John Brown again. One alcove is given to Concord writers. But most interesting of all is the collection of MSS.—Emerson's "Culture," Holmes' "Dorothy 2," Louisa Alcott's "Little Women," Hawthorne's "Mosses," an essay of Thoreau's, and the "Day Book" of John Brown used during the Kansas raids; this, we were told, was actually worth its weight in gold.

I sat under the umbrella as we drove to "Walden Pond." My companion said he enjoyed escorting young ladies, they so often said original things that he could "write up" in his next article for *Harper's Young People*, so I feel no hesitancy in repeating some of his conversation to me.

He said Thoreau once found a rare stone in these woods which he took home thinking it could be of no trouble to any one, but after a time when he discovered dust upon it he threw it away as he was unwilling to destroy precious time in removing it.

As we passed Mr. French's studio our friend spoke familiarly of him as "Dan," saying he was the handsomest man in the town, and that it was a pity he was away so we should not see him.

By this time we were at the Walden woods. A short distance from the carriage road was the spot where for two years Thoreau lived his simple life and worked out his new philosophy. We walked among the pines to the Pond, lunched on its banks, drank from its waters, and returning gathered each a stone to lay on the monument strangers have thus raised over the ground where once stood the hut of the hermit-poet.

And now the day was done; but how we longed to linger, to stay a month among these Concord memories—these woods, these homes, these books, that library. We wanted to be more deeply filled with the spirit of the place, but

only a taste was vouchsafed us, and within an hour after we had parted from Walden, we were back in Boston.

A. F. H.

## Unity Club.

The Unity Club of Bloomington, Ill., sends us its programme for the season, extending from Sept. 5, 1883, to May 22, 1884. Six meetings will be given to the later English dramatists. These will be held at the vestry of the church; the others at the houses of the various members. Six of these latter sessions will be social, diversified by humorous readings; in the remaining six the Club will study the lives and writings of some Leaders of Liberal Thought, from Socinus and Servetus to Bishop Colenso and Dean Stanley. A very encouraging sign is the large number of names appearing on the programme. We predict for the Bloomington Unity Club a successful and enjoyable season.

The St. Paul Unity Club starts out with ninety members. It meets every other Tuesday evening, and has arranged a varied and attractive programme for the coming season. Three or four lectures will be delivered, two evenings will be given to music, two to the drama, two or three to social enjoyment and several to the discussion of literary subjects. On the alternate Tuesday evenings the Study Class, thirty strong, will continue its work on Emerson.

The Unity Club at Ann Arbor, Mich., has entered upon its sixth year. Its meetings, of which fifteen will be for work and six for play, are to be held every Monday evening up to the end of March. Among the subjects promised we notice, "California in the Old Times," "Our Dependent Classes," and "Improved Homes for the Poor."

The Cedar Falls (Iowa) Parlor Reading Circle is entering on its eighth year of work, but is now for the first time coming into our circle. Its programme provides for sixteen fortnightly meetings, the first six devoted to later English History, the remainder to Shakespeare.

Another new friend greets us in the Library Club of Mount Pleasant, Iowa. This society, while taking up current events and art topics incidentally, will put the season's work upon America, its history, political economy, home life and literature.

The Chicago Unity Club opened pleasantly last Wednesday evening with a social and a very enjoyable reading from *Midsummer Night's Dream*, by Rev. J. V. Blake. About sixty were in attendance.

The Unity Club of Quincy, Ill., will meet fortnightly during the winter. The main work will be upon Lowell, with several social evenings and one of private theatricals.

The Channing Club of Reading, Mass., has laid out a course of study in the "Fundamentals of Religion."

Most of our clubs are rather slow in reporting. We should like to hear from all within the next few weeks.

## Notes from the Field.

EAST SAGINAW, MICH.—A course of Sunday Evening Lectures has been inaugurated at the Academy of Music by Rev. Rowland Connor on the "Newer Discoveries and Theories of some of the Modern Sciences." He will discuss the following subjects:

Spectrum Analysis; The Atomic Theory; The New Geology; The New Biology; The New Psychology; Anthropology; Sociology, and The New Ethics. The following persons are also expected to lecture on different subjects as follows: The Hon. R. G. Horr, on "Individuality;" Colonel George A. Flanders, on "Martin Luther;" Miss Ida C. Hultin, of Ann Arbor, on "Woman and Her Mission;" George Conway, Esq., on "The Ethics of Patriotism;" J. K. Rose, on "Comparative Mythology;" Charles Ellis, Esq., editor of the *Evening News*, on "Progress a Law of Nature;" the Hon. William L. Webber, on "Education."

A PROGRESSIVE ORTHODOXY.—Milton, Wis., is the seat of the Seven-Day Baptist College of the state. At a recent dedication of a fine church by this society, the preacher of the occasion, Rev. A. H. Lewis, D.D., of New Jersey, preached a most striking sermon. Of its progressive character our readers will have no doubt, but of his orthodoxy we should judge his constituents must have many. The following indicates the spirit of the discourse:

1. This pulpit should be dedicated to BROAD-VIEWED DOCTRINES AND A PROGRESSIVE ORTHODOXY. Truth is as infinite in its extent as it is eternal in its nature. God could not reveal it all at once to us, because we could not understand it. Each age that does its duty, unearths its share of truth, and passes the tools with which it delves, to those who come after.

The pulpit should be mindful of three things:

(a.) That the Bible should be tested the same as any other book, and that all honest, intelligent questioning and criticism should be openly and honestly met.

(b.) As to science, accept all truths brought to light by it, and have no fear of its guesses.

(c.) Creeds grow and change, each age having one different from that of preceding ages.

2. In its organic capacity, this church should rededicate itself to THE DOING OF GOD'S WORK IN THE WORLD.

## The Study Table.

All books noticed in this department, as well as new and standard books of every description, may be obtained by addressing The Colegrove Book Co., 135 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

RELIGIOUS DUTY. By Francis Power Cobbe. Boston: George H. Ellis. 12mo. pp. 317. Price \$1.00.

THE ORIENTAL CHRIST. By P. C. Mozoomdar. Boston: George H. Ellis. 12mo. pp. 193. Price \$1.25.

BEYOND THE GATES. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 16mo. pp. 196. Price \$1.25.

THE BAY OF SEVEN ISLANDS, and Other Poems. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 16mo. pp. 85. Price \$1.00.

GEORGE ELIOT. A Critical Study of her Life, Writings and Philosophy. By George Willis Cooke. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. pp. 438. Price \$2.00.

IN NAZARETH TOWN, A Christmas Fantasy, and Other Poems. By John W. Chadwick. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo. pp. 111.

CHRISTIAN HISTORY IN ITS THREE GREAT PERIODS. THIRD PERIOD: MODERN PHASES. By Joseph Henry Allen. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo. pp. 326. Price \$1.25.

INDIAN IDYLLS FROM THE SANSKRIT OF THE MAHABHARATA. By Edwin Arnold. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo. pp. 318. Price \$1.00.

CLASSIC HEROIC BALLADS. Selected by the Editor of *Quiet Hours*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo. pp. 289.

AMERICAN COMMONWEALTHS: OREGON. By William Barrows. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 16mo. pp. 363. Price \$1.25.

POEMS FOR CHILDREN. By Celia Thaxter. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Small 4to, pp. 153. Price \$1.50.

### LITERARY NOTES.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish next month Longfellow's dramatic poem, "Michael Angelo," in folio form, with designs by eight American artists, and other illustrations pertaining to Michael Angelo and his friends, from old paintings and engravings.—Rev. Alfred Church, of University College, London, has prepared a companion volume to his sketches from Homer and Virgil, called "Stories from Herodotus," which consists of direct translations of selections from the old Greek historian.—"The Lord is my Shepherd"—poems on themes of different verses of the twenty-third Psalm, written by Prof. Richards, of this city, and published by Lee & Shepard, has just appeared. It is illustrated.—Sir Erasmus Wilson is preparing a new edition of "The Egypt of the Past." The entire second edition was destroyed in the disastrous fire last season, whereby Kegan, Paul, French & Co., the London publishers, lost a large amount of stock.—"Classic Heroic Ballads" is the latest issued volume in the Classic Series. It is compiled by the editor of "Quiet Hours" and "Sunshine in the Soul." She has aimed to bring together some of the most stirring ballads of heroism and adventure in English literature.—A new edition of William R. Alger's "Poetry of the Orient" has just appeared.—Mr. H. Buxton Forman's new library edition of Keats will soon be published in England.—Geo. H. Ellis is publishing "Martin Luther and the Reformation," by Edwin D. Mead.—Scandinavia is the name of an unexpected publication for the interpretation of the Scandinavian life in English—a monthly paper in sumptuous form, which promises large things. Price two dollars per annum. Published at 26 North Clark St., in this city.

SALMER OG SANGE FOR KIRKE OG HJEM. Samlede af Kristofer Janson, Minneapolis, Minn., 1883. pp. 387

This is an exceedingly attractive-looking book, mechanically speaking. Of its literary merits, he who is uninitiated in the Scandinavian tongue cannot speak, but the interest of our readers in the book is assured in the fact that it is the Hymn-book prepared by Brother Janson for his Scandinavian work in the Northwest. From his own account of the book we make the following extracts: The motto of the book is taken from Henrik Wergeland—

"Tell the priest that freedom to think is the craving of man.

Through the grave of Jesus the cry ascends from earth to heaven."

This motto shows that the compiler has been driven out of the conventional Hymn collections into the field of literature. He has found one hundred hymns in the writings of the Danish Grundtvig. Thirty-three hymns have been contributed by the editor himself; twenty-seven by Henrik Wergeland, the Unitarian prophet of Norway; seventeen each by Bjornson and Hans Christian Andersen. There are nine English hymns inserted for occasional services in the vernacular of his adopted country, among which Walt Whitman will be surprised to find himself enshrined in his

"To Him that was crucified."

The book is divided into nine parts, as follows: Opening and Closing Hymns, Hymns of Baptism, Confirmation, Holy Supper, God, Christ, the Holy Spirit, Life in God, and Special Hymns. Under Special Hymns are found cradle songs, children's songs, silver, golden and other wedding hymns, old age, the sick-bed, funeral, inauguration of the school, inauguration of the church, installation of the minister, etc., etc. The book concludes with a translation of the eight responsive services published in "Unity Hymns and Chorals." The whole must make not only a much needed tool for Brother Janson in his work, but also a collection of poetry that will deepen the spiritual life, sanctify the thoughts and broaden the religious out-look of the Scandi-

navian race, who now occupy so prominent a part in the life of Europe and America and from whom the twentieth century is to receive most important contributions. We congratulate our co-laborer on the happy completion of what must have been a laborious though delightful task, and bid the pretty little Hymn-Book God-speed on its errand of beauty, holiness and good-will among men.

**CICERO DE OFFICIIS.** Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by Andrew P. Peabody. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

This translation of Cicero *De Officiis* is a useful and attractive book. It is neatly bound, and furnished with a comprehensive index that will enable the reader to turn without delay to any subject treated in the book. Dr. Peabody's reputation vouches for the accuracy of the translation. He has accomplished his task with the right spirit—to express in idiomatic English the thoughts that Cicero wrote in Latin. The introduction to the book explains the circumstances under which *De Officiis* was written, and gives a brief and clear explanation of the principles of the Stoic, Peripatetic, and Epicurean schools of philosophy.

Dr. Peabody has done good service in giving us this translation of *De Officiis*. This treatise not only contains an elaborate exposition of Stoic Philosophy, but it also is a storehouse of precepts expressed in the graceful style of which Cicero was a master. The work is an attempt to reconcile expediency and right, and shows the same difficulties in ethical studies that one encounters at the present day. In *De Officiis* Cicero has embodied the wisdom of a life spent in thoughts on subjects ranging from the most abstruse speculation to matters of everyday interest, such as manners, studies, conversation. To the classical student these facts are familiar, but readers not acquainted with the original may like to know that in this translation by Dr. Peabody they can find that which is both interesting and instructive.

S. M. H.

## Conferences.

DEAR UNITY: To report such a Conference as we had in Buda, Oct. 23rd, 24th and 25th, in the limits of a single column, seems an impossible task. A programme embracing the names of Batchelor, Blake, Jones, Utter and Mrs. Celia P. Woolley from Chicago; Joel Tiffany, Arthur Beavis, J. R. Effinger, O. Clute and Arthur M. Judy, besides others who were absent, when expanded into the living word, the earnestness and personal power of men and women who come, not for a display of talent, but for mutual help and edification in the stress and strain of actual work, would receive small justice from the hands of any reporter, even without these limits.

The oft-repeated mistake was made of overloading our table—thus largely failing to secure the very best part of any Conference—the glow and moving power that comes from the spontaneous word, the full discussion of the themes presented.

The skies were not propitious. It rained steadily through the entire Conference. But within the warm, home-like church we forgot storm and darkness. The local attendance was unusually large, failing not even at the morning sessions, and we were at once led to realize that we were in the heart of a very remarkable pastorate. For twenty-eight years our good brother Covell and his wife have been doing their quiet, unostentatious work in that, and the adjoining town of Sheffield—two churches with one heart, two flocks with one shepherd, a double parish, each having its every Sunday service. Twenty-eight years of faithful living work aimed at the spiritual and moral elevation of

the community has yielded its ample harvest. The gentle and refining influences that have gone out from that one home center, dedicated to human helpfulness, seem to have permeated not only the entire community, but all the adjacent country. So that even those who maintain their allegiance with quite other forms of faith heartily acknowledge the power and beauty of the work done in their midst. This village of Buda has never been cursed with a saloon, and as a natural sequence has been quite free from all forms of vice. No calaboose, no pauperism, and but one lawyer, who finds it necessary to eke out his income with the side issues of legal lore. But sorrow and death are everywhere, and the good pastor and his wife have found an abundant field for their ministry of loving service.

But we must hasten to the practical part of the Conference. A most important step in advance was taken. The Illinois Fraternity of Liberal Religious Societies which has existed eight years for fellowship, proceeded to put itself on a working basis, and began at once with a vigorous resolve to put Rev. J. R. Effinger into the field as State Missionary. A good beginning was made toward forming a nucleus for his salary. He accepted the responsible post, and will go right to work. Kersey H. Fell of Bloomington was re-elected President, and Charles E. Switzer of Galesburg to the double duty of Secretary and Treasurer. So that now Illinois reaches out her hands to Iowa on the one side, and Michigan on the other, in the earnest attempt to spread the glad tidings.

The most interesting feature of the Conference was one not promised by the printed programme—the ordination of James H. West, who has recently come to us from his home in Boston with a heart full of brave desire to lend a hand in this hard work of replacing the crumbling foundations of dogma and creed with the living stones of our larger faith. A slight change in the programme made it possible to set apart Wednesday evening for this ordination service. Mr. Jones gave a sermon concerning this work of Unitarian building which neither the candidate nor the audience will ever forget. The deep and tender Prayer of Consecration was given by Mr. Effinger, the Charge by Mr. Batchelor, and the Right Hand of Fellowship by Mr. Blake. The choir contributed its full share to this and the other evening services. The chorister, who adds to a melodious voice an unusual amount of "the spirit and the understanding," or that melody that comes from the heart, has held his place with unwavering fidelity for twenty-five years, and the white-haired basso, with the full, rich voice, for a period almost as long.

The sympathies of the Conference were called out by the sudden bereavement of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Richardson of Princeton, whose presence has often been felt in our Western gatherings, and who had expected to be with us. But instead, a group of friends headed by Mr. Covell and Mr. Blake went out from the Conference Thursday to assist in the sad rites of laying beneath the sod their son, a young man of rare promise, twenty-three years old.

There is no possibility of telling you of the delightful social reunion at the home of the pastor, or of any other feature of the Conference. It abides in our thought as strong and helpful with the promise of better things to come.

C. T. COLE, Secretary I. U. A.

## THE CONFERENCE AND DEDICATION AT MT. PLEASANT, MICHIGAN.

Where and what is Mt. Pleasant? It is a thriving town, of perhaps 3,000 population, situated at almost precisely the center of Michigan—I mean the center of the *lower peninsula* of Michigan. From Lansing, the capital, go north about seventy-five miles and you reach it. From East Saginaw go northeast fifty miles or so and you reach it. The town has been created largely by the lumber interests which center in it; but now a fine agricultural country is developing around it.

Here Robert W. Savage, just from the theological school at Meadville, located two years ago. Only one Unitarian sermon had ever been preached in the place before he came—that one by Mr. Connor of East Saginaw. Of course

Mr. Savage found no organized society. The State Missionary, Mr. Kittredge, and Mr. Connor went over and helped him get started. One good, earnest Unitarian of wealth and influence, who was so fortunate to own an Opera House, offered the use of that free for Unitarian services, and besides promised to pay about one half of the minister's salary for the first year. This was the beginning. Everything else had to be created or worked up from nothing. But Mr. Savage took hold with zeal and devotion, and for two years has labored faithfully. What is the result? An organized society that has supported him, and a beautiful new church built and paid for. Let any of our younger and smaller societies that are purposing to build a religious home for themselves, and want to get it within very limited figures, send for a picture of and information about the Mt. Pleasant church. The church is built, of course, of wood. Its audience room seats 150 to 175 persons. It is also provided with a parlor, perhaps 16x24 feet, which opens by folding doors into the audience room; and off the parlor is a small kitchen. The whole building is unique—a real little beauty, outside and in. And will any one believe me when I say, it was built for about \$2,500.00! and this includes carpet and furnishing. Of course it would have cost more outside the lumber region; but I suppose such a building could be put up almost anywhere in the West, this side of the Missouri river, for from \$3,000 to \$3,500. Surely with such possibilities before them, few of our young or weak societies need go long without places of worship.

I need hardly add, the dedication was a happy occasion for all—most so, I suppose, for pastor and people, but sufficiently so for all of us, visitors and outsiders. The dedication sermon was preached by Rev. Rowland Connor, and the other parts were borne by Brothers Kittredge, West of Massachusetts, Gibbs and Sunderland.

Following the dedication, which occurred Tuesday evening (Oct. 16), came the regular autumn session of the Michigan Conference—extending through Wednesday and to noon of Thursday. During the Conference, papers were read by Mr. Geo. Stickney of Grand Haven, on "Justice vs. Charity;" Miss Ida C. Hultin of Athens, on "Woman and Her Work;" Rev. Julius Blass of Jackson, on "The Permanence of Religion;" and Rev. T. B. Forbush of Detroit, on—your reporter cannot tell what, as he regrets to say he was obliged to take the cars for home before it was read.

The Platform meeting on Wednesday evening was addressed by Prof. T. P. Wilson of Ann Arbor, Mr. Forbush, Rev. E. P. Gibbs of Grand Haven, Miss Hultin, and the Secretary—the general question considered by the different speakers being, "What does Unitarianism Stand for?"

The reports of the State Missionary and the various pastors of the state revealed an encouraging condition of things among the churches. Jackson and Grand Haven have recently settled pastors, and are going forward with hope and vigor. East Saginaw is just breaking ground for a new building, to cost \$12,000 to \$15,000. The new society at Big Rapids already has a new edifice well under way. Arrangements have been completed for holding a series of Sunday services at Grand Rapids, which, it is hoped, will develop into a permanent Unitarian movement there. Prof. Rork's new school at Sherwood gave a very encouraging report through Prof. Clarke. The school, which is about becoming incorporated under the name of "The Sherwood College of Practical Education," is entering upon its year's work with something over a hundred students, and a cheering outlook. Its new Board of Trustees is to be made up of such men (besides the residents of Sherwood and vicinity) as Hon. Charles G. May of Kalamazoo, Rev. Reed Stuart and Mr. T. B. Skinner of Battle Creek, Brother Forbush of Detroit, and Dr. Thomas of Chicago. Does any one who reads this have a son or daughter, between fourteen and twenty, whom he wishes to send away to a school where a thoroughly sensible education is given, under the best moral influences? I think he may find what he wants in the new school of Prof. Rork at Sherwood.

The Conference closed with a warm feeling:—leaving its

blessing behind on the noble little Mt. Pleasant band and their excellent young minister. The spring meeting of the Conference is to be held at Grand Haven.

J. T. SUNDERLAND, *Secretary.*

#### THE NEBRASKA CONFERENCE.

DEAR UNITY.—The Nebraska Unitarian Association convened at Lincoln, on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 30, with the three Nebraska ministers, and as many lay delegates. Mr. N. S. Harwood, one of the leading attorneys of Lincoln, gave an address of welcome, to which Rev. Mr. Copeland, of Omaha, responded. In the evening Rev. Miss Norris, of North Platte, preached a most clear and earnest sermon on "True Religion." Wednesday, Rev. Messrs. Abbott, of St. Joe, and Jones, of Chicago, arrived, and we began to have a genuine Conference. Mr. True, of Crete, read a very scholarly essay on the God idea. Mr. Copeland a paper on "The Sure Foundation," and in the evening Abbott and Jones gave addresses. Thursday, Rev. Mrs. De Long, president of the Universalist Conference, read an able paper on "Christian Growth," and Mr. Jones, in spite of a severe cold, inspired the Association by his enthusiastic words on "True Religion."

The attendance was small except in the evening, when the friends in Lincoln came out in goodly numbers, but the meeting was an entire success. The rainy weather, which had brooded over Nebraska for two weeks, changed, and we had bright sunshine during the whole Conference. The Lincoln *Journal*, which has a large circulation throughout the State, gave full reports of all that was said and done, and the effect will be as great as though each had numbered a hundred. The workers in Nebraska drew fresh courage from that meeting, and the people of Lincoln were inspired with a fresh determination to have a Unitarian minister settled amongst them.

Since our last meeting, a year ago, Rev. Miss Norris has been added to our force, and has done a good work at North Platte. A new Unitarian Society has been formed at Exeter, whose principal work thus far has been the formation of a Town Library. Our missionary has been at work in various parts of the State, getting into sympathy with the widely-scattered Liberals of various names. We had a list of forty annual members and one life-member, and after paying all our expenses and subscribing for several copies of *UNITY* to be placed in various educational institutions, we had a balance in the Treasury. The Association decided, in conjunction with the Kansas Conference and the Liberals of Western Missouri, to hold a spring session at Bismarck's Grove, near Lawrence, Kansas, at which we would gather the Unitarians and their friends from all along the Missouri Valley, and have a grand Unitarian camp-meeting.

W. E. C.

NO OBJECTION.—At the close of prayer-meeting in a Connecticut church, a deacon gave notice that a church business-meeting would immediately be held, and that he would be glad if all the brethren would remain and attend it. All of a sudden it occurred to him that perhaps the ladies who were present would not desire to go home without their customary male escorts. So, in a nervous and fluttering way, he announced, "There is no objection to the female brethren remaining." The "female brethren," and the male brethren, too, heartily joined in a titter of laughter at the expense of the embarrassed deacon.—*Exchange.*

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but, what thou liv'st,  
Live well; how long or short, permit to heaven.

—Milton.

The trifles of our daily lives,  
The common things scarce worth recall,  
Whereof no visible trace survives,—  
These are the mainsprings, after all.

## Little Unity.

ELLEN T. LEONARD, Editor, Hyde Park, Ill.

*Associate Editors.*

MISS CORA H. CLARKE, Jamaica Plain, Mass.  
MRS. E. E. MARSH, 3619 Ellis Ave., Chicago.

It is the object of these columns to increase the interest of the young reader in finding "What to see" in this wonderful world about us, and in deciding "What to do" toward the making of a true and useful life. Also to help mothers, Sunday-school Teachers, and all who have the privilege of training children to find the soul of all life in the things which are to be seen and to be done around us.

### STOREHOUSES.

What sort of storehouses do you suppose are meant? What ones do you know about? Some of you are thinking of a country barn, well-filled, and fragrant with hay, or a corn-house with its yellow ears peeping through the cracks. Others, of city warehouses where you have seen, stored in wholesale quantities, groceries, grains, or dry-goods. Some have in mind smaller store-rooms holding the reserve materials for family use; garrets, with their rows of mysterious trunks, piles of nuts and strings of herbs. Pantries, with ample supplies, cooked and uncooked, which will appear in due time for the breakfasts, dinners and suppers of the family. Cellars, where bins of potatoes, barrels of apples and shelves of canned fruits give sign of the abundance in store for the nourishment of life. If you have ever been in these places and seen these stores, what a sense of comfort and plenty you have felt! Well, what are they all for? Yes, to keep us alive. But what are we to do with our lives? We want to "keep" our lives of course, but not just for the sake of keeping them, nor only for enjoying them. What shall we *do* with them? We must *use* them. Now in order to keep them alive for use, there must be these store-rooms and store-houses where there is a great quantity in reserve, and it must only be brought out and used as it is needed, from the pantries and cellars; or from the storehouses it must only be put upon the market as fast as there is a demand for it and no faster. If we did not have these reserves somewhere, how could business be carried on, our families be fed, and life maintained? It takes all this in reserve, to keep our bodies alive and well taken care of. But what are our bodies good for after they are so well kept alive? They are for the mind to use. You see your father walking down street a long way off; you want to ask him something; your mind wants to be with him quickly and it makes your body run and call to him. If you were weak with loss of food you couldn't catch him. Your body served your mind.

Every good servant should work under a good master. Your body, well-kept, is a good servant, and your mind must be its master. How can you give this good servant a good master?

You have each a mental storehouse, and these years are yours for storing it! Ask questions about

things you do not understand. Inquire how things are done, and why they are done. You of the cities are so in the habit of seeing everything ready made that you often take it all too much as a matter of course. You would find it wonderfully interesting to study into things and find what an amount of reserve power lies behind the simplest article we use. You read something of this in the last number about factories. The farmers have just been gathering their harvests of grain, apples or corn, but it took all the work of spring and summer, besides all the experience of *years* of those springs and summers before this one, to get this harvest. Those years of experience are of especial value because they are the reserve knowledge to draw from, out of mental storehouses. Store your minds now with information from books and people. Next you must begin to use it. Then you will be storing with experience, and you will soon reap harvests which will grow in richness according to what you have put into your mental storehouse, and how you have used and experimented with those stores.

### THE DOG AND THE RAVEN.

"Raven, you thief, you villain, I say,  
Are you taking my nice piece of meat away?"  
"Little dog, do not so angry be;  
A stern policeman I am, you see;  
Must track the thief ere 'tis too late  
The stolen goods to confiscate."

The raven had certainly used deceit,  
And cheated the dog of his roasted meat.  
The dog did not to his master call;  
I think he dared not do it at all.  
He knew if he did he would come to grief,  
For he himself had stolen the beef.

*Translated from the German by J. J.*

### A RAINY-DAY TALK.

E. E. M.

Did you ever know any boys who were always playing they were animals? Ray and Skip do, especially Skip. Sometimes mamma puts to bed a little camel and when she wakes up in the morning and inquires very politely after his hump, she finds out to her astonishment that he isn't a camel at all but a fish, perhaps a goldfish or may be a whale, and every time she goes near him she must be very careful not to wet her feet. Sometime she ties a leather strap to Ray's neck, and a brown sash-ribbon to Skip's for trunks and then they are little elephants, and if she forgets it and calls out, "Ray," or "Blossom," why, immediately she finds out that little elephants sometimes consider themselves very ill-used.

The other day mamma said, "If you children will be still for a quarter of an hour, we will have a talk," and Lill called Ray to come and sit in his little arm-chair. Ray said he could not come then,

it was not time for a talk yet, and besides he was busy, he had to play he was a "jagger." Oh, dear! mamma did suppose she knew of as many animals as Ray, and yet she could not think what a "jagger" might be. It was certain that it made a dreadful noise and snapped like a wolf, and now it became apparent that instead of one "jagger," there were two. "Oh, Baby, Baby Boy, do come and tell me what you are now," called mamma. Baby Boy came, shaking his curls, and said with a very fierce expression that made his dimple look funnier than ever, "Me big jigger." "A jigger," said mamma, "now I am sure I do not know." If Lill knew, and I really believe she did, she didn't say a word, but kept on with her work, making a tiny lace bag for the Christmas tree. Then up came Ray. "Mamma," he said, "I'm certainly sprised at you. They belong to the Cat Family" (pronounced very distinctly). "Didn't Lill read us about them one day, and we saw the picture, too?" Then mamma remembered and wondered she had not guessed before. "If you know all about them, Ray," she said, "tell me some more." "Come, Lill, come, Major. Now, Lill, begin." "Their skins would make beautiful rugs, mamma, for they are very large and have such handsome spots on them, and Major would want to lie right down on one, if we only had one," said Lill. Major looked as if he weren't so certain of that, but Ray began at once, "Hm! what of that! I tell you, they can knock down a horse and carry it off and swim across a river with it, and they climb trees and frighten the monkeys, and lots of things. They eat turtle's eggs, too, but I do not care so much for that." Here Ray had to stop, for Trotty, who had been trying to speak, could wait no longer. "They play just like our little kitties," he said. Then Lill began again: "Once one met a man and looked at him, and he looked back. Then the man took off his big hat and made a very low bow and said, 'Good morning, a very good morning, sir.' And the big creature was so scared, he just ran away." "And they do not bite unless they are hungry, and that's all I know," said Ray.

Now, what are they?

#### THE FIDDLER.

Sometimes if you listen—listen  
When the sunlight fades to gray,  
You will hear a strange musician  
At the quiet close of day;  
Hear a strange and quaint musician  
On his shrill-voiced fiddle play.

He bears a curious fiddle  
On his coat of shiny black,  
And draws the bow across the string  
In crevice and in crack;  
Till the sun climbs up the mountain  
And floods the earth with light,  
You will hear this strange musician  
Playing—playing all the night!

Sometimes underneath the hearth-stone,  
Sometimes underneath the floor,  
He plays the same shrill music,—  
Plays the same tune o'er and o'er;  
And sometimes in the pasture,  
Beneath a cold, gray stone,  
He tightens up the sinews,  
And fiddles all alone.

It may be, in the autumn,  
From the corner of your room  
You will hear the shrill-voiced fiddle  
Sounding out upon the gloom;  
If you wish to see the player,  
Softly follow up the sound,  
And you'll find a dark-backed cricket  
Fiddling out a merry round!  
—Henry Ripley Dorr, in *Youth's Companion*.

#### MARTIN RELPH.

Browning's poem, "Martin Relph," is a confession. It is made by an old man, but refers to an experience of his early youth. A girl belonging to his village had been sentenced to death on a false charge of treason, and the sentence was executed because the proofs of her innocence arrived too late. But the running messenger who bore them came in sight just as the signal to fire on her had been given, and was descried by Martin Relph, who alone of those present overlooked the scene; a shout from him would have averted the catastrophe. He uttered no sound, and the woman fell. The messenger was found dead at some distance still from the spot. He was the girl's accepted lover, and had probably killed himself in his frantic exertions to save her. No one blamed Martin Relph. People said he had been too scared to cry out; at the worst, the decisive moment had been too brief for a conscious motive to assert itself. But he knew there was that in his heart which might have been a motive for allowing the girl to die. He loved her himself, and the cry which he failed to utter would have preserved her for another man. This knowledge is the spectre of Martin Relph's life; and every year, on the same day, and on the same spot, he wrestles with it publicly and aloud, living through the facts as they occurred, and striving eagerly to extract from them the conviction that he did not desire the murder—that he was only a coward after all. That is what he is doing in Mr. Browning's poem.—*Our Best Words*.

In reading authors, when you find  
Bright passages that strike your mind,  
And which perhaps you may have reason  
To think on at another season,  
Be not contented at the sight,  
But take them down in black and white.  
Such a respect is wisely shown  
As makes another's sense one's own.

—Selected.

## Announcements.

## SPECIAL OFFER.

To any one not now a subscriber to **UNITY**, who sends us \$1.50 during the months of November and December, we will send the paper **FREE** to January 1st, 1884, and for a full year from that date.

## THE JANSON RELIEF FUND.

The following contributions to the fund for the relief of Kristofer Janson's mission have been received at this office up to date: Previously acknowledged.....\$386.40 Third Unitarian Sunday-school, Chicago.....18.74

Total .....\$405.14

Mr. Blake is at work on his new Christmas Service that is to become a part of the forthcoming book — "Unity Festivals," to be published by the Western Unitarian S. S. Society next May. This service will be ready for mailing on the 20th inst., and will be for sale at the rate of \$2.50 per hundred.

The Chicago Women's Unitarian Association holds its next meeting at the Third Unitarian Church,—the corner of Monroe and Laflin Sts.—on Thursday, November 22nd. Topic.—Eminent Unitarian Women. Lunch at half past twelve, m. No other meeting until January 31st.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Board of Directors of the Women's Western Unitarian Conference will be held at the Channing Club Room, 135 Wabash Avenue, on Friday, December 7, 1883, at 10 A.M.

The Chicago Unity Club will meet Wednesday evening, November 21st, at 3514 Vincennes Ave. Subject,—Review of the past season's work; Browning's Poems of Heroism.

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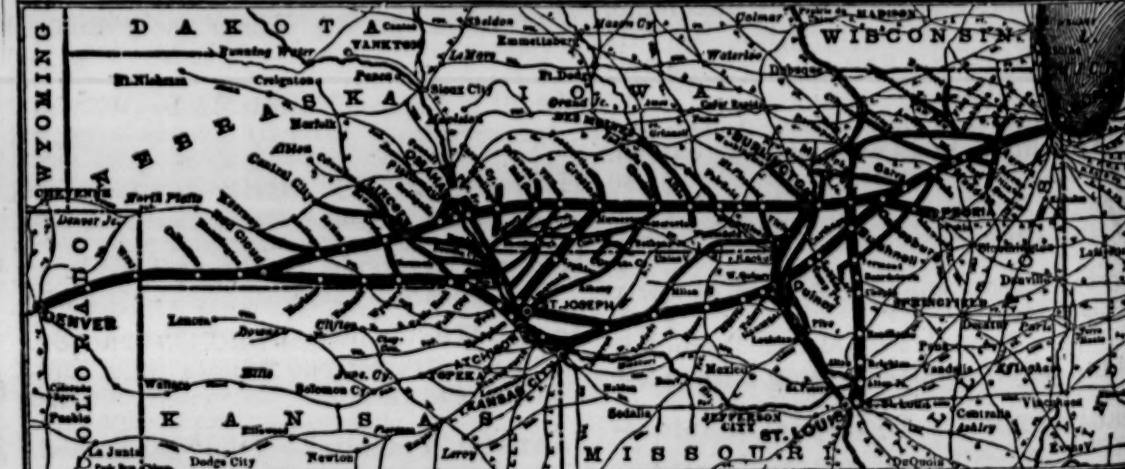
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